Harry to Harry, ſhal not horſe to horſe
Meete, and ne're part, til one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that Glendower were come.
Ver. There is more newes,
I learnd in Worceſter, as I rode along,
He can draw his power this fourteene dayes.
Doug. Thats the worſt tydings, that I heare of it.
Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frosty ſound.
Hot. What may the Kings whole battel reach vnto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be,
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of vs may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come let vs take a muſter ſpeedily,
Domes day is neere, die al, die merily.
Doug. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of ſacke, our ſouldiers ſhal march through. Weele to Sutton cop-hill to night.
Bar. Will you giue me money, Captaine?
Fal. Lay out, lay out.
Bar. This bottle makes an angell.
Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty, take them all, Ile anſwere the Coynage, bid my Lieutenant Peto meete me at Townes end.
Bar. I will, Captaine, farewell. *Exit.*
Fal. If I be aſhamed of my ſouldiers, I am a ſowſt gurnet, I haue miſuſed the Kings preſte damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150 ſouldiers, 300 and odde poundes. I preſſe mee none, but good houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted batchellers, ſuch as had beene aſkt twice on the banes, ſuch a commodity of warme ſlaues, as had as lieue heare the Diuell as a Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe thē a ſtrook foole, or a hurt wild-ducke: I, preſt me none but ſuch toſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then pins heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices, and

now.

now my whole charge conſiſt
tenants, gentlemē of compani
in the painted cloth, where th
and ſuch as indeed were ne uer
ſeruingmē, yonger ſons to yon
& Oſtlers tradefalne, the cank
peace, ten times more diſhono
ancient, and ſuch haue I to fill
bought out their ſeruices, tha
hundred and fifty tottered pro
keeping, from eating draffe &
on the way, and told me I had
the dead bodies. No eie hath
march through Couentry wit
villaines march wide betwixt
for indeed, I had the moſt of th
ſhirt and a halfe in al my comp
napkins tack't together, and t
a Heralds coate without ſleeue
ſtolne from my hoſt at *S.* Albo
Dauintry, but that's al one, the
ry hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the

Prin. How now, blowne Ja
Fal. What, *Hal*? how now, m
in Warwickſhire? My good L
cie, I thought your honor had
Weſt. Faith, ſir Iohn, t'is mo
you too, but my powers are th
you, lookes for vs all, we muſt
Fal. Tut, neuer feare me, I
Creame.
Prin. I think to ſteale Crea
ready made thee butter: but te
theſe that come after.
Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.
prin. I did neuer ſee ſuch pi
Fal. Tut, tut, good enough t

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